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I take this method of announcing to my friends that I have just opened a New Grocery at the corner of Eighth and Henderson streets, and to solicit a share of their patronage. I will at all times have a fresh, clean stock of

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The FLIRTATION OF ANNE.

By RITA KELLEY.

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The delayed invitation of Janet Fair's house party almost caused a rupture in the Halliwell family, so intense was the scramble to get frocks that matched the shoes, girdles to match the frocks, with sufficient everything into the traveling bags and Anne off to the station for the 4:50 train. At the last minute she snatched from her writing desk a few pages torn from a magazine and stuffed them into her hand bag as she hurried down to the cab. Janet had sent her the story a fortnight ago, and the success or failure of the week end for her depended upon whether or not she waded through it before she reached Brentwood. Janet had set opinions about some things, among them her love for conventional Anne and an overweening desire to provide literature much diversified by commentaries for her best beloved.

Anne made the train. As she hurried down the platform and climbed into the car a feeling of wild good humor possessed her. The old cramping demureness that savored of self-consciousness in her personality had been lost in the excitement of the last hour. She found herself within the car with the exhilarating desire to do something rash.

She didn't know what exactly. Then it flashed over her. No more old ladies, or women with children, or nice elderly men. She shuddered at thought of the innumerable times she had asked to share their seats—no. This time she was free from tradition. She would pick a winner! With brave determination she gripped her bags and set out down the aisle in quest of him.

He was at the extreme end of the car. Big and brown, and he looked the part. The little query was said, the alacritous moving of bags ended, and Anne sank into the man's place by the window, facing him, with a tiny feeling of exultation.

He was a winner sure enough, handsome and with the most charming manner imaginable. Anne dubbed him a Harvard man when he lifted his hat. They were all so delightfully gallant. She was not in the least embarrassed by his intermittent gaze, which was timed, as only a winner knows how, to meet her vagrant glances. She knew her hat was immeasurably becoming, with the pink rose and soft plume against her brownish hair; also that her blue fox set was the latest cry in furs and her gloves and boots correct. It occurred to her presently, however, that she ought to convince the man of her complete disinterestedness in choosing him for a traveling companion.

Accordingly she drew the portion of magazine from her hand bag and settled herself comfortably. There were six pages of it, and she knew that, provided she read leisurely, it would last until she reached Brentwood. Janet had a third virtue. She considered, speculating subconsciously, with eyes fixed on the flowing landscape, over a long look which she had just interrupted, were his eyes brown or gray or green? Oh, Janet's virtue! Well, it was providing literature for traveling young ladies who were in danger of reverting without warning to embarrassing original self-consciousness.

Janet had scribbled in her bold cithography wherever an interlineation was possible, fond, foolish things which Anne soon forgot to read in her absorption in the story. She loved a horse, and this was a hero handled with the sympathetic touch of a lover of horses. Tears sprang to her eyes, to be succeeded by a smile, a low laugh or strained intentness and pain. She finished the story as the train whistled for Brentwood, with an overwhelming desire to lean over and tell the man facing her that it was the greatest story ever written; that she wanted to tell him about it; that she knew he would understand.

Carried outside herself, she leaned forward impulsively, her lips parted, eyes glowing, about to speak. Presto! Her mind sprang like a trap, and she bent over her bags instead, embarrassedly preparing to flee. She gave him the fleetest of glances as she rose, and he looked steadily at her while a suspicion of a smile, appreciative and friendly, came into his eyes. She had the story with her; but, suddenly following an impulse, she dropped it as a thing of no value upon the seat.

Janet Fair was in a state of woe. The lion of the house party had not materialized. Frantic telephoning and wires disclosed the fact that he had left town for Silox, next station beyond Brentwood, on the 4:50 train and had been seen no more. The Fair country place stood midway between the two stations used impartially by the Fair guests, and a coupe had met both stations, one bringing Anne Halliwell from Brentwood, the last woman guest.

"He is yours, dear," said Janet, drawing Anne out into the chill moonlight on the little balcony. "Put this shawl over your shoulders—your gown is so sheer and lovely—and promise me, if he becomes manifest alive or dead, that you will smile upon him."

"Why don't you take him yourself?" laughed Anne.

"Can't. Never sees me. Told me confidentially that he adored the svelte, dreamy girl made of repose and inner reserves, and—I handed him over to

you. You'll have to take him bodily, for Gladys Whitcomb has sharpened up her teeth and nails ready to spring and drag him off."

"But, Janet," protested Anne, "I never went in for a man in my life. I couldn't do it. It's so dead common. I'd hate myself."

"I'm a deep eyed villain!" growled Janet, striking an attitude. "You blessed lamb, don't I know your proclivities? Rack your naive brain for a simple and good reason why I sent you a belated invitation, why I expected Aubrey Churchill on the 4:50 train, why?"

"W—was"—Anne started in consternation, lost her balance against the low railing and was reeling backward when strong arms caught her and set her upon her feet. Then a traveling bag was flung upon the balcony, and, emerging from the shrubbery beneath, a man vaulted beside the girls.

"My lady of the story," he said, smiling whimsically upon Anne, who after one swift look was trying vainly to melt into the shadow, "I have a score to settle with you after I get something to eat. Just look at this saturated brow, will you? It's like a sponge. And these aching arms carried that bag ten miles on an empty stomach."

"Oh, jolly!" screamed Janet ecstatically, sliding through the French window. "You'll have a banquet, Aubrey Churchill!"

A terrifying silence followed the click of the window behind Janet's exit. Anne stood on the chilly balcony with the perfect stillness that precedes either attack or precipitate flight, gazing straight into the steady eyes of the man before her.

Then, turning swiftly, she wrestled with the window fastening for an instant and fled. The man, laughing softly, stepped into the library and called, "The tilt after the banquet, remember," as she escaped the room.

He was a young man who would have his way. Anne discomfitedly admitted later. She had been playing fox and geese with him desperately all evening, with the dawning conviction that she was the singular goose. When he cornered her in the dim library as the other guests drifted into the music room she almost gasped surrender.

"Now, Miss Story Lady," he said, thrusting his hands into the pockets of his tuxedo and looking tremendously handsome, with an expression of mock severity on his clean cut face, "why did you do it?"

Anne squirmed preparatory to flight, but he blocked egress from the divan, and she settled back, with a laugh that tried to be trifling.

"It was a great story, wasn't it?" she said irrelevantly.

"Don't you know," he said, dropping down beside her, "that you ought to apologize for causing me to discommodate our hostess?"

Embarrassment enveloped Anne. She was groping desperately for that will of the wisp, her daredeviltry, that had got her into this difficulty and refused to extricate her. "W—why didn't you get off?" she stammered, a flush mantling her cheeks. "I did not keep you there."

"But the story did." He smiled insistently upon her as he drew the pages from his pocket.

Anne's heart stopped. She had forgotten the scribbles in the margins when she dropped the story in the car.

"It seems we have a staunch admirer in Janet," he said gently, "and I, for one, quite approve of her. I was deep in a panegyric on your charms and virtues when the train went through Silox."

Anne groaned. She could not help it, knowing, as she did, the extravagance of Janet on paper.

"She has everything arranged," he continued, smiling subtly down at the helpless girl half facing him. "Bridesmaids—think of it—bridesmaids! We didn't either of us know that when we started out this afternoon, did we?"

Anne suddenly buried her face in her hands. He looked at her a moment musingly, then ever so gently extricated her fingers and made her look at him.

"Janet is a clever girl," he drawled. "She said you would have to be taken with a trick."

Anne blinked. Where was her vaunted demureness? "No such thing," she blurted out. "I did it myself. I knew you were a winner."

Had He That?

On one occasion in an English court a prisoner was brought in for sentence who had been convicted of being a common gambler. He appeared in a loud checked yellow and black suit, with red necktie and a large paste diamond horseshoe pin. The judge from under his beetling brows looked fiercely down upon him from the bench and remarked with intense scorn, "I sentence you to pay a fine of \$50!"

"That's all right, judge," interrupted the gambler nonchalantly thrusting his hand into his trousers; "got it in my pants pocket."

—And to three years and six months in state prison," continued his honor, with a slight twinkle in his eye. "Have you got that in your pants pocket?"—Bellman.

Cats.

A cat may purr and purr and be a villain. Once let the cuisine fall below the proper mark, and off goes the ungrateful but shrewd animal to stop with friends who will look after him better. That is the keynote of the feline character, shrewdness. It is the human traits in their characters which make men call cats selfish. The motto of the cat is "Business is business." If a man takes this as his motto and acts up to it, we call him a successful man, and we allow him to write absurd essays on "Hints to Young Lads," and so on, in our papers. But we do not honor the cat.—London Express.

Of Interest To Women.

To such women as are not seriously out of health, but who have exacting duties to perform, either in the way of household cares or in social duties and functions, which seriously tax their strength, as well as to nursing mothers, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has proved a most valuable supporting tonic and invigorating nerve. By its timely use, much serious sickness and suffering may be avoided. The operating table and the surgeon's knife, would it is believed, seldom have to be employed if this most valuable woman's remedy were resorted to in good time. The "Favorite Prescription" has proven a great boon to expectant mothers by preparing the system for the coming of baby, thereby rendering childbirth safe, easy, and almost painless.

Bear in mind, please that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is not a secret or patent medicine, against which the most intelligent people are quite naturally averse, because of the uncertainty as to their composition and harmless character, but is a MEDICINE OF KNOWN COMPOSITION, a full list of all its ingredients being printed, in plain English, on every bottle wrapper. An examination of this list of ingredients will disclose the fact that it is non-alcoholic in its composition, chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine taking the place of the commonly used alcohol, in its make-up. In this connection it may not be out of place to state that the "Favorite Prescription" of Dr. Pierce is the only medicine put up for the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, and sold through druggists, all the ingredients of which have the unanimous endorsement of all the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice, and that too as remedies for the ailments for which "Favorite Prescription" is recommended. A little book of these endorsements will be sent to any address post-paid, and absolutely free if you request same by postal card, or letter, of Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take as candy.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Governor—S. W. Hager.
For Lieut.-Governor—South Trimble.
For Attorney-General—J. K. Hendrick.
For Superintendent of Public Instruction—E. A. Gullion.
For Commissioner of Agriculture—J. W. Newman.
For Secretary of State—Hubert Vreeland.
For Auditor—Henry Bosworth.
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For United States Senator—J. C. W. Beckham.

William's Kidney Pills.

Have you neglected your kidneys? Have you overworked your nervous system and caused trouble with your kidneys and bladder? Have you pains in the loins, side, back, groins and bladder? Have you a flabby appearance of the face, especially under the eyes? Too frequent desire to pass urine? If so, William's Kidney Pills will cure you. Sample free. By mail 50 cents. Sold by Oberdorfer.

WILLIAMS M'F'G. CO., Props.,
Cleveland, O.

Neighbors Got Fooled.

"I was literally coughing myself to death, and had become too weak to get up; bed and neighbors predicted that I would never leave it alive; but I got fooled, for I was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery. It took just four one dollar bottles to completely cure my cough and restore me to good sound health," writes Mrs. Eva Uncapher, of Grovetown, Stark county, Ind. This king of cough and cold cures, and healer of throat and lungs is guaranteed by Oberdorfer, the druggist. 50c and \$1 Trial bottle free.

Rising From The Grave.

A prominent manufacturer, Wm. A. Fertilwell, of Luncama, N. C., relates a most remarkable experience. He says: "After taking less than three bottles of Electric Bitters, I feel like one rising from the grave. My trouble is Bright's disease in the diabetes stage. I fully believe Electric Bitters will cure me permanently, for it has already stopped the liver and bladder complications which have troubled me for years." Guaranteed at Oberdorfer's, the druggist. Price only 50 cents.

REFLECTED GLORY.

It is just as much fun and less trouble than real glory.

It is a profound truth that reflected glory is far better worth having than real glory, as far as the actual fun of the thing is concerned. The man who after much struggling has won through to fame knows all the drawbacks to it and realizes that the game is hardly worth the candle. But the man whose only claim to glory lies in the fact that he is an acquaintance of the famous man has a splendid time, getting most of the kudos with none of the disadvantages. We see a great, good man, let us say Algernon Ashton, and we envy him. But we feel that his position must have its disadvantages. The strain of being universal letter provider to the papers of London must be enormous. Far better the lot of the man who merely knows Mr. Ashton and can call him Algy. Mr. Murphy, the orator, supports this view. "It is well," he says, "sometimes in speaking to treat great men's names familiarly. In bracketing yourself thus with the great men of the world reminds one of an eastern saying that there are only two creatures that can surmount the pyramids, the eagle and the snail." We know of scores of men who have acquired reputations through their friends. It is the simplest thing in the world. The wonder is that everybody does not do it, for it needs but little labor.—London Globe.

Free Reclining Chair Cars.

The Southern Railway has inaugurated free reclining chair car service between Louisville and Evansville on their fast through trains leaving Louisville at 7:30 a. m. and 5 p. m. daily, and running solid to Evansville, without change. This line also operates free reclining chair cars on night Lexington and Danville to St. Louis, also Pullman Sleeper through from Danville to St. Louis. The Southern Railway is 23 miles the shortest from Louisville to Nashville and forty-three miles the shortest to St. Louis. tf

Piles! Piles! Piles!

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure blind, bleeding, ulcerated and itching piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared for piles and itching of the private parts. Every box is guaranteed. Sold by all druggists, by mail for 50c and \$1.00.

Williams' Kidney Pills.

Have you neglected your kidneys? Have you overworked your nervous system and caused trouble with your kidneys and bladder? Have you pains in the loins, side, back, groin and bladder? Have you a flabby appearance of the face, especially under the eyes? Too frequent a desire to pass urine? If so, Williams' Kidney Pills will cure you. Sample free. By mail 50 cents.

WILLIAMS M'F'G. CO., Props.,
Cleveland, O.

The Bluegrass Traction Company Schedule December 1906.

Cars leave Lexington for Georgetown 6 a. m. and every hour until 8 p. m. 9:30 and 11 p. m.
Cars leave Lexington for Versailles 6 a. m. and every hour until 8 p. m. 9:30 and 11 p. m.
Cars leave Lexington for Paris 6 a. m. and every hour until 7 p. m. 9 and 11 p. m.
Cars leave Georgetown for Lexington 6 a. m. and every hour until 7 p. m. 8:45 and 10:15 p. m.
Cars leave Versailles for Lexington 6 a. m. and every hour until 7 p. m. 8:45 and 10:15 p. m.
Cars leave Paris for Lexington 6 a. m. and every hour until 8 p. m. and 10 p. m.

William's Carbolic Salve With Arnica and Witch Hazel.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, and all skin eruptions. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25c by Druggists.

WILLIAMS M'F'G. CO., Props.,
Cleveland, O.

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